

THE NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

The Incurrible and Insular Englishman—His Fight Against Improved Method, and his Reverence for What is Useless—The English Fog that Has Always Hung Around Wallack's—Gilbert its One Charm of Antiquity—A Theatre to Which Somebody is Always Returning—The Exact Value of Irving's Presence on Our Stage—Arrival of the American Dramatist.

I see that the *Sun* is paying a compliment to the departing stage manager, Mr. Robertson, says that his old Eccles in Caste will long be remembered by us as a piece of very artistic work.

Do you know that I believe there are two opinions about this? My impression is that his absolute and utter failure as a stage manager will live in our memories long after his impersonation of a part that he never played will be forgotten.

How we are going to remember him in a part that we never had a chance to recognize him in beats me.

Mr. Robertson was a fine type of the incurrible and insular Englishman, who came to this country as a pioneer to teach us how to suck eggs. The biggest thing about him was his father's name, but even that wasn't large enough to cover his abject inadequacy even in his father's plays.

I believe it was Mr. Robertson who selected Mr. Lovell to play the hero in *The Abbe Constantin*, and insisted that the New Yorkers couldn't tell an actor when they saw one after Mr. Lovell had shown how inadequate he was.

There have been quite a number of Englishmen sent over here to teach us stage management, and nearly every one of them has proved incurribly slow and narrow.

An Englishman fights against every improved method and appliance with the stolid desperation of a Brahmin. He looks at Daly's innovations upon Shakespeare with the same horror with which he would regard a man who revived the Magna Charta, or proposed to put a fire-escape on Westminster Abbey. He holds to some of his outworn stage flummery just as he holds to the Lord Mayor's show and his portable bathing tub. His sense of reverence for what is useless makes him use candles instead of gas in his hotels; his suspicion of everybody who hasn't brought a letter of introduction makes him carry his own luggage instead of trusting an express company and lock himself up in a railway coach.

I was very much amused at Joe Arthur's account of the London Fire Brigade. Joe went over there to arrange for the production of his piece, *The Still Alarm*, and knowing that Chief Shaw of that brigade had been in America and seen the improved working of our appliances he called on him. He says he found the functionary a howling swell in a cushioned chair in a luxurious office, surrounded by immemorial elegance and red tape. Whenever there was an alarm of fire the Victorian statutes were consulted for precedents, and when the Queen's Counsel decided that there was no impropriety the engines moved. Joe wanted to call the chief's attention to the American appliances for hitching up the horses. The chief listened to him for awhile stolidly, and then said:

"Why do you use such extraordinary language. Why do you refer to us hitching up? My dear sir, do you mean the buttoning process?"

The look of *ennui* that came into his face when Joe explained that the American buttoning process facilitated the work of getting to a fire was pitiful.

The Yankee then went to the fire stations, and found that every horse was in his stall head in, and had to be backed out and turned round when the alarm struck. To back them in would be a Yankee trick.

An American manager tried to make the Englishmen adopt the American coupon system at their theatres, but they wouldn't have it. They stuck to their booking system, and I must say that Manager Daly's introduction of the English method here reminds me of an American actor trying to drop his H's in Hamlet.

Wallack's Theatre always had a little of this English fog around it. In its best estate and when doing its best work it stuck to the mackintosh and umbrella.

Mr. Lester Wallack grew American in spite of himself. Events naturalized him a little in spite of his protests. But his English con-

servatism was never quite overcome. He represented in his acting and in his play-making the romanticism of Bulwer and his school. Rosedale was, and is, the best stage version of which thirty years ago was called in London "yellow-covered literature," and what thirty years earlier was called in Germany the "Lucinda" school.

It is as English as an eel pie. But it was staged and acted and worked on an American plan.

It's a curious fact that nobody has been successful in the part of the hero in that play after Lester Wallack. It failed in London and even Haworth couldn't make it go.

The truth is nobody could ever invest it with the melodramatic pomp and illusion that Lester Wallack gave it.

Of course it's an English trait to like old things—cheese, castles, comedies. It's not an American trait; it's the trait of young

vantage. It was John Gilbert. His was the distance that lent enchantment to the view.

All other attempts were too close—too bang up to the moment.

He was far away, courtly, grave, benignant—with the light of other days. And a good many of the ancient comedies at Wallack's were accepted as old, that had little beside this ivied tower on the English lawn.

How they can revive old comedies at Wallack's Theatre without John Gilbert is a puzzle to me.

I suppose all the indignant scribes who insisted that the *Abbe Constantin* was a charming play must confess that it wasn't charmed.

This may be a mistake in judgment, but it is a good one. The writers on the *Times* and *Tribune* refused to judge the work by a popular measurement, and in that they exhibited the proper critical spirit. I have always held that it is the critics' function, not to

When you want to be particularly alone, did you ever try standing in a mob?

The exact facts about Paul Kauvar are that it is making money by virtue of its intense dramatic interest—which is entirely unlike the claim made for *The Abbe Constantin*—that that piece ought to make money by virtue of the entire absence of human interest. Mr. Steele Mackaye, let me say, played the part of Paul in Buffalo, much better than Mr. Haworth has played it here, and as Mr. Mackaye comes into the cast again on Monday night, I suspect there will be a good deal of interest awakened.

It so happens that on the same night Rose Coghlan comes back to Wallack's. Will anything ever keep Rose away from Wallack's? Not even Pitou can do it.

These reunions at Wallack's Theatre are the funniest things on record. They have been going on for twenty-five years. The Governor

cate. It ought to be a subsidized theatre, and an American theatre. There are fifty men in New York who could endow it and not miss the money. What a splendid position it would give Lester Wallack and John Gilbert as an advisory board, with power to return.

Whenever a theatre is founded in this city that does not depend upon public whim, public whim will begin to depend upon it.

Some of the money that Mr. Irving will take out of this country will go to the establishment of his London theatre. What he will leave in return is not so easily estimated. I have tried very hard to sum up the benefits that he has conferred upon the American stage. It must be allowed that he has given us a fine example of what a man of intelligence, with a fixed purpose and a good backer, can do in the star business. But I cannot exactly see in what respect he has shown us the possibilities of dramatic genius.

The record, as I read it, made by the American newspapers, relates entirely to the amount of money he has received. Mr. Bram Stoker dwells continually upon the superior attendance. He does not dwell critically upon the superior interpretation.

Mr. Irving's company severely reduced to its ultimate is Henry Irving.

Any theatrical system which rests now-a-days on an individual, has too small a pivot. Even Miss Terry, who is as capricious and variable an actress as ever lived, is subordinated continually less to the requirements of the drama than to the stage exigencies of Mr. Irving. She appears to have grown into a condition of utter passivity under a strong will, and nothing is more interesting psychologically than to watch Henry Irving's volition in Miss Terry's demeanor and speech. Her *Marguerite in Faust* is what Carlyle would call an adumbration of Irving.

I should like to see an incurrible Celtic nature like Rose Coghlan's subjected to this sort of discipline and mental tyranny. How it would chafe and rebel and break loose!

Sometimes I have thought that all women—and especially clever women—are always looking for a master and are never happy till they have found one.

The real trouble lies in the difficulty of finding one.

Mr. Irving will go away from America with a large weight of golden sheaves. He will leave nothing but his example. Two men have profited by it. Dixey on the one side and Mr. Daly on the other.

On the whole, I think Daly's imitations are better than Dixey's.

Since I last wrote you the American dramatist has arrived. His name is Sydney Rosenfeld. Do you know what he has done?

He has dramatized the divorce laws of the United States.

This is the work of a genius.

The United States government is struggling with that question. The legal gentlemen and the legislators of the country are in a muddle over it. Every man who travels in our land finds his marital status changing with every State line.

It's the most stupendous farce a nation ever encountered, and what the social economists have failed to exploit, the dramatist has seized and exhibited.

Now we shall see how far the theatre will help on a needed public reform.

Mr. J. M. Hill, who can concentrate more enthusiasm on a given point, and back it up with more staying power than any man I know, has taken Sydney by his callow wings and set him in a golden cage.

The Possible Case is to follow *The Henrietta*. So unerring was Mr. Hill's judgment about Howard's comedy that he will do another, and this time without any partners. His faith is in the theme first of all, which is a live one; then in the treatment, which is pure comedy. And in pure comedy we have lately seen how clever American playwrights are.

The idea of having everybody in a play numerously married and promiscuously divorced, according to the laws of half-a-score of States, is a generous one. It appeals to the American's love of facts and sense of humor. That's all I know about it.

NYM CRINKLE.

Alfred Thompson has gone to Chicago to complete arrangements for the production of his burlesque, *Cinderella*, at the Grand Opera House next Summer.

The second annual benefit by the variety profession to the Actors' Fund will take place at Miner's Bowery Theatre on Thursday afternoon, March 29.



GRACE HENDERSON.

nations any more than it is the trait of young persons.

The first thing an Englishman of good taste asks when consulted about a cheese or a comedy is this: "Is it mouldy?"

The first thing an American asks is this: "Is it new?"

This is just the difference between the neuf-châtel of Henrietta and the crumbling cheddar of London Assurance.

Mr. Daly stands between the two extremes. He gives you the old cheese, but he takes the mould out first.

But Heaven be praised he restores the *chiton*, the *himation* and the *diplodion*, and he spells Heraklites with a k.

Whenever he serves the Falerian he calls your attention to the modern syphon that holds it.

Lester Wallack always had for use one charm of antiquity that gave him great ad-

tell the public what they like, but to tell them what they ought to like.

The public were told that they ought to like the *Abbe Constantin*.

But they haven't liked it all the same.

The public ought to cultivate repose, suppress their passions, sit in the sun and read Pascal.

But the public will not do it. They raven for blood, they howl for Fanny Davenport and La Tosca, and passion and fire, and purpose and action, and a whole lot of vulgar human things.

I can't help it, being an ascetic myself. I object to it, but I can't remedy it. When I have my own way I meander far from the noisy haunts of men and sit down and contemplate Belasco and George Cayvan—how rolly-polly she is and peach-dumpling like.

In my moments of abstraction, when I wish to be alone, I go to Paul Kauvar.

was always coming back. There used to be a standing line on the programme, "Due notice will be given of the reappearance of Mr. Lester Wallack."

By this means the public were spared any shock such as might have taken place had the Governor make his appearance suddenly and unexpectedly.

Somebody is always returning at Wallack's—here and there perhaps an exception, Caroline Hill did not return. She was too clever. Lovell will not return. He isn't clever enough. It requires a certain mean of cleverness to return. I suppose we get the exact measure of it in Rose Coghlan.

No doubt if we could see Pitou's starring contract with her we should find a clause in it permitting her to return to Wallack's at stated intervals.

Wallack's Theatre, my dear MIRROR, is a splendid opportunity for some kind of a syndi-

At the Theatres.

STAR THEATRE—FRANCILLON.

Marquis de Rivelles.....Gustav Kober.
Lacien.....Hugo Ransenberg.
Francillon.....Hedwig Niemann-Raabe.
Annette.....Lilli Petri.
Stanislas de Grandreton.....Hermann Haack.
Henry de Symmer.....Alexis Scholank.
Jean de Carillac.....Moris Moritz.
Therese Smith.....Antonie Ziegler.
Colistin.....Carl Muller.
Elin Anderer Diener.....Heinrich Ziller.
Elise.....Auguste Bernster.
Pinget.....A. Meyer.

The persistent audacity with which Dumas the younger, in his comedies, broaches startling social theories is a familiar fact in the dramatic world. His later works have "made the expenses" of whole volumes of Parisian satire and pasquinade. Those who fancied that he had touched high (or low) water mark in Denise will be undeceived by the still more sensational Francillon, which made its first appearance in New York at the Star on Monday night, in German dress, with Hedwig Raabe in the title role.

Unlike one or two of Racine's plays, Francillon was not written for production at a young ladies' seminary. A jury of very case-hardened matrons would rather be indicated in the premises, and even they would do well to take their fans. The *lex talionis* in matters of matrimonial infidelity is of world-wide application practically, but its theoretical and dramatic treatment is rather disconcerting, and is fitted to rouse much grave question, artistic as well as moral.

It is not, in first instance, with the ethics of M. Dumas' play that we care to take issue. That a young wife, finding her husband shamelessly untrue to her, may allowably proceed, after due notice distinctly given, to avenge herself by taking a lover, from no impulse of passion or affection, but simply as a deliberate retort to her husband's fault—all this is startling, certainly, but like so many of the author's theories might admit of his usual incisive and plausible treatment. It presupposes, however, and necessitates a domestic drama, not a comedy. The question would be, in the French phrase, "neatly posed," and whatever murmurs it might excite from the moralists, might furnish good material for exciting and even strong dramatic work. If M. Dumas had had the courage of his convictions, and gone on to make his heroine actually guilty, however painful or revolting the scene—however improbable or absurd the event, he might have given us something worth serious discussion and deliberate praise or blame. He does nothing of the sort. Like the showman who exhibited the fork belonging to the knife "with which Balaam was going to kill his donkey," he harrows the feelings of every one—his stage personages and the audience included—with an offensive setting forth of what Francillon thinks she has a right to do, promises to do, and vows she has done; but which, misled by a very transparent trick, she finally confesses not having done, to the very moderate relief of a sulky and disgusted husband, and the tempered approbation of an indulgent but much-puzzled social circle. It was a false alarm—call off the engines—there was no fire, but only a pettish little girl pulling the call. And so instead of the good rousing melodrama promised, we fall into the flattest of farce, if not of burlesque. For so trivial a result there is a sad waste of thunder in the index, especially when the sulphurous explosion is so extremely ill-flavored.

Spite of this evident defect, and a rather wandering, inconsequent way of telling his story, spite, too, of Mr. Dumas' chronic habit of punching the head of his auditors, having once got them safely in chancery, with discursive ethico-social theories, the play is still amusing, bright in dialogue, easy and interesting in movement, and on the whole entertaining to people not troubled with an over-squeamish taste.

The piece was admirably acted by Mr. Conrad's fine company. Mme. Raabe suffers from the chronic drawback of a matronly appearance which makes it improbable that she is (*vide the book*) just weaning her first infant, and from the slight but ever-recurring shade of comic rusticity due to her more especial role. With this deduction she makes a charming Francillon—affectionate, passionate, intense, and particularly wrong-headed and silly, as the role comport. Ransenberg adds one more to the long list of excellent roles which he has—for us—created at the Star. His De Rivelles is a telling picture of the conventional type of Parisian comedy husband, with his easy, surface good-breeding, and radical hardness and selfishness, set off by a peculiarly illogical notion of manly honor and domestic fidelity.

Kober is a genial, if rather preachy old gentleman, as the elder De Rivelles, and Lilli Petri, as usual, the most charming of *ingenues*. The others all do their work well and the staging was highly pretty and tasteful.

S. R. O. greeted those who entered the doors of the Windsor Theatre at eight o'clock on Monday evening, when Annie Pixley appeared in The Deacon's Daughter for a third engagement in this city with that piece. She was as lively as ever, her songs and whistling solo in the third act bringing down the house as usual. Miss Pixley is fortunate in having an excellent supporting company. Chief among them should be mentioned M. C. Daly, R. S. Dusan, Annie Douglas, Annie Barclay and May Thompson. The latter's performance of the part of Mary is a clever piece of work, which elicited a good share of the applause of the evening. Next week

Evans and Hoey will make their first appearance here this season in The Parlor Match.

Nat C. Goodwin appeared on Monday night at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in Lend Me Five Shillings and Turned Up. In the first piece he acted with great brightness and very little exaggeration. His Goliath formed a pleasing indication of his powers in pure comedy, divorced from horseplay. In Turned Up he gave his laughable performance of Caraway Bones, and at the end of the second act he was called enthusiastically and asked for a speech. He responded very amusingly in the vein and manner of Caraway Bones. Mr. Goodwin's engagement is for two weeks. Roland Reed appears on February 27 in David D. Loyd's comedy, The Woman Hater.

Alone in London drew a large audience to the Grand Opera House on Monday night. Cora Tanner received a royal welcome. C. R. Craig, as Richard Redcliffe, was a realistic villain, whom the gods howled at hatefully whenever he made his appearance. The rest of the company were unusually good, and gave excellent support to the clever star. The play was well mounted. James O'Neill in Monte Cristo is the next attraction.

Only a fair-sized house greeted Frank Daniels and Little Puck at the People's on Monday night. The piece is founded on a few ideas suggested by the familiar books "Vice Versa" and "A Fallen Idol," by F. Austey. It was described at length in these columns a few weeks ago. Mr. Daniels' comic talent is in a broad vein that pleases the average audience and wins plenty of applause. Bessie Sanson has adopted THE MIRROR's hint and toned down her boydenish Miranda. It is now somewhat natural. Rillie Deaves' Clara Giltedge was well sustained. Emma Hanley was pretty and graceful as Minnie Titters. In its entirety Little Puck is much more amusing than many of its more pretentious farce comedy rivals.

Herrmann opened to a large house at the Fifth Avenue on Monday night. The spectators were, as usual, mystified by his deft witchery and amused with his *diablerie*. Herrmann is unquestionably the cleverest prestidigitateur now before the public. His present programme is varied, including, besides his own tricks, some swift and wonderful juggling by D'Alonin, and a series of stereopticon views. Next week Herrmann will present his latest French acquisition, Le Cocon.

Check 44, with W. A. Mestayer and Theresa Vaughn, opened to a large house on Monday at Niblo's.

Ermale booms merrily along toward its youth representation which will be duly celebrated with pomp, ceremony and souvenirs on Feb. 29. The operetta still draws like the engine of the Chicago "Limited."

THE MIRROR's prediction is fulfilled. The management announce that this will be the last season of Wallack's as a stock theatre. The speculator's fell work is done. The Abbe Constantin drags its weary length along until Monday when London Assurance will be given as the first of a series of comedy revivals.

On Monday night the new cast of Paul Kaurar will be seen at the Standard. No doubt the changes will excite curiosity and do the receipts good.

On Tuesday night Pete was given its 100th performance at the Park. The theatre was jammed. There was more to denote an unusual occasion than the attractive souvenir programmes. The boxes were handsomely decorated with flowers, and fragrant and magnificent floral pieces were handed to the principals during the evening. Nobody was forgotten from the star, Mr. Harrigan, to that charming little juvenile actress, Kate Patterson. The piece never went better. Mr. Harrigan played with remarkable skill, and all the clever favorites of the company put forth extra exertions to make the event notable. The sweet songs of Dave Braham were encored again and again. It was altogether a memorable night in the history of the popular Park.

Mr. Wills' play, Olivia, which Fanny Davenport brought out at the Union Square nine years ago, will be the opening selection for the engagement of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry at the Star, which begins next Monday. Mr. Irving's Dr. Primrose is reputed to be one of his most artistic creations. Miss Terry created the part of Olivia at the Court Theatre in London.

The Kernells are holding forth at Tony Pastor's this week with their specialty company. The show is an amusing one.

Heart of Hearts has been augmented by the appearance of Thomas W. Whiffen in the part left open by Frederick Robinson's retirement. The play goes well and draws well.

The Wife holds on its prosperous career at the Lyceum. The theatre is none too large at times to accommodate all that wish to see the play.

The Henrietta will have attained its 150th representation at the Union Square Theatre on

Saturday night. The run will last six weeks longer. It is safe to presume that during those final performances the successful comedy will be seen another time by many people who have enjoyed it once.

Albert, the winner of the six-day race, is appearing at Dockstader's this week, where a diversified programme is nightly presented.

The Musical Mirror.

THE MIRROR has never stinted itself in the expression of its very slight regard for programme music. It has pointed out, and will frequently have occasion to do so again, that the range of sensation and emotion fit for musical expression is very limited as compared with the field of pictorial or literary art. Just in proportion as the composer seeks to rouse in us definite and specific feelings, or to call up, in imagination, clear-cut events or pictures, just so is his work usually futile, pedantic and tedious. The melancholy of Romeo in the garden, the passionate longing of Faust under Margaret's window, the pensive reverie of Wolfram's hymn to the evening star, are all good themes for tone-painting, and have given three great writers a chance for some of their most exquisite compositions. But the jerky monotony of the queer galloping rhythm in the Walkyrenritt, with the discordant piccolo-whinny at fixed intervals, while picturesque and suggestive enough, seems to us quite from the mark of art, essentially unmusical, and, in a fine sense unsatisfactory. The peasant hymn of praise in the Pastoral Symphony is exquisite, but the thunder claps and pouring rain of the preceding tempest are less laudable, and the cuckoo, if anything, rather funny. It might be too much to say that second-class composers mainly affect this sort of thing, but it is pretty safe to assert that when the best men are seduced into this elusive hunt after a priggish picturesqueness, they are apt to produce but a deceptive and muddled picture, while they largely sacrifice the real beauty and nobleness of their work.

Yet the tendency seems to grow. It is not long since an aspiring poet of the West coast essayed to tell us in chords just how a man feels when he suffers from the "desire of kingship," and make us hear the pleasant gurgle and simmer of that diabolical chowder so deftly brewed by Macbeth's witches. The next step will be to give us a dramatic Wall street symphony with a *leit motif* for the baffled bulls and another for the beatific bears, an adagio wall for the shorn lambs, and a scherzo for the messenger-boys—caught, for once in their lives, skipping—the whole to close with a grand orchestral finale expressive of general "bustedness" along the whole street.

Far be it from us to cast such ridicule upon the programme of M. Gericke's third concert, given at Steinway's on Wednesday of last week, but the thoughts here hinted "lay near" during much of the performance. There is something of the "programme" tendency even in the Egmont overture, with the hero's blissful dream followed by the shock of his awakening and the martial dignity of his march to the scaffold. There is a great deal of programme in Saint-Saens' Danse Macabre, a quaint and clever work, in which almost everything is sacrificed to the one element of ghastliness, as embodied in the discordant rasping of Death's fateful riddle and the tick-tack of the skeleton's bleached and rattling bones.

Even in Raff's Symphony, Im Walde, with all its poetic beauty and skillful construction, we confess to having been no little puzzled to discriminate the sensations proper to the forest by day from those which peculiarly fit the evening. The "silent breath of night" seemed to us to need a good deal of brass and kettle-drums for its due enforcement, and the wild huntsmen and the sunrise, to our unimaginative soul, got a trifle mixed.

No such comment attaches to Schumann's Concerto for violoncello in A minor, played by Mr. Fritz Giese neatly and with taste, but with a peculiarly thin, reedy quality of tone, approximating the sound of the "muted" string. It has one or two beautiful passages full of melody and feeling, but on the whole is a mere student's exercise, as tedious a bit of musical grammar as it is often our fate to hear.

For the execution of the whole programme we have nothing to offer but praise. If, in a former article, we have seemed to cast doubt on some details of execution in the first concert of the band, we gladly recall it. It becomes continually more clear that Mr. Gericke has worked his orchestra up to a splendid machine, of exceptional accuracy and perfection, one from which our own organizations may cheerfully find something to learn, and, in any case, in the fine rivalry of art, a foe worthy of their steel.

The fourth concert of the Philharmonic Society was given on Saturday at the Metropolitan to an audience which had very literally melted down to about half proportions. Those who did brave the weather to get there were rewarded with a programme of majestic severity admirably played, as always in the case of this fine organization.

Basgile's Prometheus Overture is a sonorous and dignified piece of work, but not especially striking either in theme or treatment. Bach's concerto in G major for string orchestra is rich and warm with the sunny cheerfulness and clear melodic construction—always

suggesting the fabled treatment—so peculiar to the composer and his age.

Beethoven's Eroica symphony, which closed the programme, would form a good text for the continuation of our remarks on programme music in the notice of another concert this week. It was, as those versed in musical history are aware, composed with distinct reference to Napoleon Bonaparte, and a presentation copy forwarded him, the title being afterwards changed to "The Heroic" when Beethoven lost his pristine admiration for his former idol. Whatever be its history the symphony as it stands is a monument of grand and dignified musical creation, of almost undue length, and sombre in its prevailing tone, as befits the general character of the theme. Any imaginative person, after duly meditating over the heroic character in the abstract, or the fate of some particular hero in history, with its chances and changes, lights and shadows, would be likely to find the solemn measures of the symphony chime sympathetically with the key of his thought and mood. That any one should trace out in the music the special events or phases of Bonaparte's career, or any other, with such definiteness and certainty as not to be confronted by his equally intelligent neighbor with a directly converse interpretation, we greatly doubt. The present chronicler distinctly remembers having once essayed this task, and having come to notable grief in consequence.

The execution was, throughout, massive, correct, and sympathetic. We have already had occasion to allude to the smoothness and fine sonority of tone, especially in the strings, rendered possible, with this orchestra, by their exceptional numbers and splendid discipline.

Emil Fischer, who, simply as an executant, may rank as the most correct and satisfactory of the male artists in the Metropolitan Opera company, sang the air, "In Schaeumenden Wellen," from Haydn's Creation, with excellent method. The compass of his fine voice was especially displayed in a profound and subterranean bass note which, for a parallel, must look to the equally famous one in the noble air from Flauto Magico, "In Diesen Heiligen Hallen." His fine execution of Schubert's "Wanderer," brought such a stormy and imperative recall that he was fain to respond with Lassen's air, "Es Muss Was Wunderbares Sein," and he was lucky to get off with that.

The eighth Thomas Symphony Concert, given at Steinway's on Tuesday evening, will seem to many the most satisfactory of the series so far given. The programme was varied, brilliant, and charming in every number.

Schumann's Rhenish Symphony, in E flat, which headed the list, has none of the dryness or obscurity of theme, the contrapuntal complexity which makes some of the composer's works so hard to listen to. It is bright, and ringing with the freshness and vigor of his best period. The themes are broad and melodic, the rhythm clear, and the coloring strong, and even martial, especially in the noble opening movements, the allegro and the moderate. It was played with a splendid fire and breadth, which suggested a whiff of that salt breeze so recently wafted to us from the Boston marshes.

Victor Herbert is a clever violoncellist, who, as he sits in front of the orchestra with his massive, comely head and figure, throws the whole picture out of drawing and makes them look as if they were all in a sort of back scene, a hundred feet or so away. He plays with clear, skillful and certain method, though without much poetry, and with an intonation not always absolutely impeccable. His brilliant rendition of Rubinstein's difficult and beautiful Concerto No. 2, for 'cello and orchestra, was noisily applauded.

Krug's Symphonic Prologue to Shakespeare's Othello has already been noticed in these columns as a work of singular poetic beauty. The few opening bars are a trifle dry and unpromising, but the composition soon passes over into a strain of passionate sentiment and intensity of the most striking kind, orchestrated with the richness peculiar to the most modern school, and closing with a highly dramatic finale. It was given in place of the proposed Dvorak variations, for which the score had failed to arrive in time, but no one, probably, felt aggrieved at the substitution.

The Chopin Funeral March was given, to our taste, a trifle too fast and too smoothly and lacked somewhat of the sullen, heavy, staccato beat which we are used to hear in both the orchestral and the pianoforte transcriptions. It was superbly effective, notwithstanding.

When it is mentioned that the programme closed with Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12, we have said enough to indicate one of the richest, most varied, and most delightful symphonic feasts of this very noble series.

Mr. Gericke's orchestra, as every one knows, is especially strong and excellent in the strings. From these picked artists a farther selection gives an admirable quartet, bearing the firm name of Franz Kneisel, the first violin, with Otto Roth for the second violin, Louis Sencenski for the viola, and Fritz Giese for the violoncello. The concert of the club at Steinway's on Saturday last was an aesthetic pleasure of a high order. Schubert's posthumous quartet in D minor and Schumann's A major quartet No. 3 were charmingly rendered, and Conrad Ansoorge with the club gave

a fine interpretation of Rubinstein's Trio in B flat for piano, violin and 'cello. For once Ansoorge played from the score, and not, as usual, from memory, and seemed a trifle less individual and poetic in execution by the limitation, but his work is never less than artistic.

It will be pleasant to make more minute report of the next concert of the association, which, it were to be hoped, might be given in some more "cozy" space than Steinway's. Good as the hall is for orchestral performances, it so swallows up a chamber club as to remind the hearer of the famous "huckleberry in a pail of milk," of rural tradition.

The following people have been engaged for Sydney Rosenfeld's comedy, A Possible Case, to be produced at the Union Square March 26: M. A. Kennedy, Robert C. Hilliard, Frank Losee, W. H. Thompson, George Devere, Daniel Leeson, Genevieve Lytton, Louise Rial, Louise Walsten, Kate Osterlee and Francis Comstock.

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Mr. Rudolph Aronson, Manager.
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50 Cents. ADMISSION 50 Cents.
Reserved seats, 50c. and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$8, \$10, \$12.

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BLAMPHIN, HARPIS.

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The Giddy Gusher.



I have always had an idea that in some moment of relaxation from the great mental strain of being a Gusher I would become a comedian founded on that funny fact Nat Goodwin.

On Monday night in a house packed from front door to roof, with shrieking, shouting laughing humanity, I made up the mammoth aggregation of odds and ends—the grand combination of fact and fancy which I denominate my mind—that I would study Nat's methods and strike the world a second comedian of the same pattern.

I paid particular attention to the way he did it, and I found that one thousand men might say the same sentence with the same inflections, the same attitudes, the same expressions, and it wouldn't amount to a row of pins.

There is one element in Nat Goodwin's composition that for want of a better word can be called contagion. He's the most contagious comedian I ever saw. There are a great many fevers in this world that may be devouring the sufferers, yet will not spread. You can sit beside the b.d.; you can hold the disease-charged hand, and your own pulse will not quicken; you will not contract a single symptom. And there are other complaints so infectious that if you shake the patient's pants out of the second-story back window an old lady on the next block takes to her bed.

Of this kind is my Nathaniel. Surely "there was a star dawned, and under that was he born." He struck New York a red-headed boy of fifteen, doing his clever imitations to obscure and limited audiences. To-day, in the van of his profession, he dashes into the cheerier specimens of dull, old-fashioned standard comedy, and wipes out the mechanical contrivances we remember to have heard grind out the same tune without the variations.

A red-headed boy. Yet I can't see the slightest change in that face and head since it sprang up and greeted me thirteen years ago from a lounge in the Winchester House on Broadway, when dear Lizzie Weathersby one hot July day introduced me to the idol of her heart—an idol thenceforth in that loving heart, till it ceased to beat a year ago.

"I want you to like him for me this one afternoon," said she. "You'll love him for himself all the rest of your life."

And so I shall, bless his clever sorrel-top! He's a boy—an impulsive, impatient, spoiled boy; but the brightest, quickest, most delightful boy that ever gladdened and troubled the hearts of those that loved him.

To those who never met Nat Goodwin off the stage it is impossible to convey what he is—a revelation of wit, an inspiration of mirth, "a joy forever." The introduction of that man into a symposium composed of the Historical Society of New England, and the Geographical Caucus of Great Britain, will turn the whole business into a circus in ten minutes.

I give him ten minutes to thaw out, such an iceberg as Hamilton Fish or the Dean of Canterbury. Like Bryant's thanatopsis, "He steals into your sympathies ere you are aware." Steals? He robs—robs the dullness of his drag, the most anxious heart of its pain. As an antidote for the toothache he beats a dentist.

A dear old neuralgic uncle put in five nights at my residence some years ago. Ninety five things were done to him. He slept on hops; he fed on anodynes; he pervaded the premises with a wild flavor of misery. Nat came to town.

"You must get along without me this evening," I said to the old fellow. "There's the mustard poultice on the bureau; there's the Ready Relief and nervous antidote on the table; the hot-water bag is back of the stove; the peppermint and magic oil, chloroform, liniment and instantaneous nerve cure in the chair beside you. I'm going to see Nat Goodwin in Hobbies."

The sufferer climbed up and begged not to be left. "I shall be dead when you return," said he.

"Put a flannel petticoat round your distracted old head then and join the gang," said I.

"You'll kill him!" cried every one who saw me cart the ancient off to a show. But I carried him. I vow he laughed at the Professor till I thought he'd go to pieces. He pulled the cotton out of his ears lest he should lose a line. He invited in the winds of Heaven, so they bore in the rollicking remarks of the inimitable Nat.

There was a complete metamorphosis in my patient, and next day, for the first time in five weeks, he was free from pain. I've prescribed Nat in a hundred cases, always with beneficial results. I could tell you what he did for Maria, but my own certificate is enough.

There is no agent under the sun to-day can

lighten the cares and anxieties of a business man, and make a woman forget her back-ache and her front teeth like Nat Goodwin.

The world has found it out. While yet a boy is the master mirth-maker of the age, the most popular comedian before the footlights, and the most interesting and amusing man off the stage that ever gladdened the earth.

I won't try to be a comedian like him. I couldn't be. But I'll do Hamlet some day (John Harrington wants to do Ophelia) and give the boys a treat.

I get all sorts of letters asking all sorts of questions.

If I use Jamaica ginger in compounding these articles?

If I favor an ice bath for the head after some such great mental exertion as the present column?

If I think suspensory garters are superior to the old-fashioned knit-wool string tied in a bow-knot just below the knee, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven?

If I enjoyed the benefits of Christian parents?

If I caught this thing from any one similarly afflicted or developed it in myself?

If I have ever known a gold ring rubbed on a sty to produce a litter of pigs?

If I ever knew marriage to work permanent reformation in a man, or a popular leading actor on Wallack's stage to restore domestic peace to the troubled human heart?

If I knew whether its old-times rocks, or the rocks on which we split, that are used in rock and rye?

And if I think that Rosenfeld's Possible Case, that Hill is going to produce, will run so long that it's no use for a man to send a five-act tragedy he thinks about writing to the Union Square?

But a pleasant letter comes to me from a Western State, and an honest, interested reader of THE MIRROR says:

"In much that you have written and I have read there is a spirit of unbelief. I wish you would tell me if you are a follower of Robert Ingersoll's creed, and an infidel, and don't believe."

My anxious friend, a believer in Robert Ingersoll's creed is not an infidel. He is a Christian of the truest kind. Some one lately advised me to read the Russian Count Tolstoi's books, called "My Confession," and "My Religion." Now, the aggregate religious influence of those two volumes isn't equal to one sentence of Robert Ingersoll.

I think if you took a good, orthodox, church-going person, and put him through a course of Ingersoll's lectures, and read him those two books of Tolstoi's, he would rise a better man and Christian—from the first experience than the second. He would come away from Ingersoll thanking God for having made such a healthy heart and magnificent intellect as the giant unbeliever possesses.

He would think of Tolstoi as a wordy, windy, well-worn worldling, pretty well used up by the musk-scented pleasures of fast life, trying hard to draw up a attack on which to hang some hope for the hereafter.

After threshing away at nothing with a club, he sits down and calls on you to see how exhausted he is, and recognize what a lot he's done.

My friend says: "Do you believe the Bible?" And I say, "In spots." You could run a man on Bible principles, build him up on Bible example and precept, and make as thorough-paced a scoundrel as ever walked on two legs.

The old views of Zoroaster, the Chinese rulings of Confucius, the guidance of the Koran, couldn't begin to turn out such a sweet-scented cuss as one could mould from the estimates and proposals found in the Bible. Therefore, I don't believe in the Bible, wolly—covers, fly-leaves, and family records.

I had a cook once who, in intervals between soups and omelettes, used to do a little missionary work on me.

"Chile, chile, now can't yo beleabe all dat dar good book?"

"I never will believe Jonah swallowed a whale, Jane," said I.

"Praps he didn't done gone swallow him all to once. Jest had it biled nice, an' made with a Ma'onaise what was left; an' praps it war a mighty small whale, Missus. In tellin' of a big story dere's a good many little things left out."

"Then I don't believe they took a rit out of Adam and made a woman out of it," said I.

"Wal, chile, some times I thinks dat meant he made a low marriage; dat Ebe was a hired gal dat come to work for Adam's folks, an' he jes take an' married her against 'em, an' they made up dat story. Ole folks is strange, chile, mighty strange."

Jane didn't work a great change, zealous as the poor dear was. To this day I don't believe that Jonah swallowed even a little whale—not that Adam married the hired girl.

We don't, any of us, believe anything—we hope. That's all the blind ignorance of our getting here, and the blinder ignorance of our departure will admit.

I heard an old dog doctor talking of dogs finding and eating the things to do 'em good when sick, say:

"It's instinct, ma'am; and that's a dam-sight better nor any the stuff we find's ordered in books."

There is an instinct in every human heart that there is something beyond. There's not

a tribe upon the earth but cherishes a belief that this life leads up to something better, from the Persian with his eternally beautiful Houris peopling the Mahommedan heaven, to the woman down East who knew Paradise was passed in a rocking chair without even knitting work to do.

The Paines, the Voltaires, the skeptics of the world have been unpleasant to look on, and the conditions of their continuance on earth have not been as sweet as Hyler's ice-cream soda, eaten and drunken with a pretty spoon (no allusion to the dude who pays for it).

But with the most powerful leader that skepticism has ever known it is different. Nature, fortune, fame, all smile on Robert Ingersoll. He can imagine no purer joys than he tastes at his own fireside. He can picture no brighter angels than the wife and daughters in his home. He is an idolatrous husband and father. And though his wonderful reasoning faculties, his vast educational possessions may say persistently, "After this, nothing," his great human heart takes up the cry of instinct, and he says of the hereafter—"Though I don't believe, I hope."

And so, kind Western friend, I say to you: I don't believe much, but I hope a great deal.

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

The Amateur Stage.

THE AMARANTH IN GRETCHEN.

One of the very best performances seen on the amateur stage this Winter was the production of Gretchen by the Amaranth on Wednesday evening, Feb. 8, at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn. Every part in the cast was in competent hands.

Alfred Young as Faustus played with a sincerity and earnestness that won him many rounds of applause; and Charles Heckman, although a little too methodical, nevertheless did the part of Mephisto in such a polished and insinuating fashion as to create a deep impression. Thomas T. Hayden made the best effort in his career as Godfried. He displayed a dramatic force of which few thought him capable, and read his lines most satisfactorily. Frederick Brown did Prior Anselm in a commendable manner; while John Littleton, S. C. Acton, Jr., and F. Oberender were deserving of praise for their good work in smaller roles.

Interest, however, centered in Laura Sedgwick Collins, who essayed the difficult role of Gretchen. To say that she did remarkably well is simply just. Her voice sounded harsh at times and tended to masculine expression, but beyond this defect she was worthy of special praise. Lizzie Wallace looked and acted the part of Lisa excellently, and the May Halberts, Annette Sterner and Jennie Cochran respectively as Barbara, Bessie and Agatha to Gretchen, manifested ability.

The play was under the supervision of Chas. Bellows, Jr., and that it ran without a hitch was in a great measure due to his efforts in coaching the cast.

THE COMEDY ASSOCIATION IN OURS.

The Comedy Association gave a very poor representation of Ours at the Athenaeum in Brooklyn, on Monday night. Thirteen is supposed to be an unlucky number; whether Feb. 13 had anything to do with the failure of the performance, is a matter for conjecture. Thomas Platt walked through the part of Prince Petrovsky, Jose E. Pidgeon was insipid as Captain Samprey, and Ernest O. Jacobson was an erratic Colonel Shendryn. Thomas C. Bell failed to get all there is in the part of Sergeant Jones. Douglass Montgomery would have made a much better impression as Hugh Chalote had he not striven to mimic the easy grace and careless self-possession of Lester Wallack. He did very well, however. Frank Cuddy was conscientious in the small part of Houghton. Miss E. B. Lyman as Lady Shendryn was decidedly out of place. Her acting was particularly bad, even for an amateur. Mrs. J. B. Gansephol was not much better as Blanche Haye. Mrs. Ella Georgen was well received as Mary Netley.

NOTES.

W. F. Wells, of the Booth, is desirous of adopting the professional stage and is now seeking to place himself for next season. Mr. Wells has a good stage presence and possesses an excellent record as an amateur.

The Green Isle Club gives decided proof of its ambition, by making arrangements to produce "O'Neil the Great," on March 10.

The Amateur League will present Caprice (has Howard P. Taylor, who owns this title, consented?) by John Courtney this Thursday evening with the following cast: Mr. Leeson, Mark J. Bingley; Matthew Bates, B. R. Throckmorton; Hon. Augustus Solon, Myr Haffenden; Mr. Clinton, W. D. McClintock; Tom Tort, Harry Lee; John, Charles W. Everett; Laura Leeson, Ella G. Greener; Fanny Fact, Kate Allen.

Miss Martinot's Modest Candor.

Sadie Martinot was demurely waiting for her breakfast at the St. James Hotel the other morning, when a MIRROR reporter called to inquire about her rumored engagement.

"I am on the verge of signing with Rudolph Aronson to appear at the Casino in Nadj, either on the 7th or 15th of May," she said, "and I have accepted that offer from among a number of others. I leave here on Saturday on the *Werra*, and return in April to rehearse. I shall go to Buda Pesth and see all that I can of the life of the sort of Hungarian peasant I am to represent."

Besides Mr. Aronson's offer I had one from Mr. Rice. It was a princely one, and it seemed a sin to throw it away. The Flower of Pekin, which he intends producing at the Bijou on March 12 is a lively opera, and the part which he wished me to play in it is charming. Friends of mine being desirous that I should go starring, and a manager who already has a popular star under his control desiring me to go out under his direction. To that proposition I did not give very serious thought.

"Although I do not intend to be egotistical in saying so, it is a fact that since I have been away there has been no one here to fill my place. Friends who came over told me that fact in Europe, but I always thought they meant it merely as flattery. But it seems to be the truth. Before I appeared Lillian Russell was the rage, then she went to Europe.

Of course when I went away I thought my place would surely be taken by some other, but it hasn't been. Lillian Russell came back, but no one grabbed at her. The New York manager did not want her, the provincial manager did not make supreme efforts to secure her. The New York public was apathetic so far as she was concerned. Do I know the reason? Of course! It was all on account of her shape. Somehow or other a woman loses her attractiveness when she loses her figure. Women of the stage fear to lose their beauty, but that would be better lost than their figures. Look at Judic! Such an artiste, such divine grace, such *finesse*! And yet who is deceived by that figure when she is called on to appear as a young, innocent girl? They say I am growing a little stout myself, but it is not true. If I see any signs of it I shall exercise until the superfluous flesh goes away. At any rate mine is not the obesity of the matron."

The Paul Kauvar Salary List.

Except for the purpose of indicating the degree of popular acceptance that a production has attained the daily newspapers should have little to say concerning box-office receipts. Managers, ever since the advent of traveling combinations, have been fond of that species of advertising which consists in flourishing the figures of their business in print. And yet, so far as the average newspapers are concerned, this proceeding is generally more disadvantageous than beneficial. Theatrical receipts are usually taken *cum grano salis* by the lay reader, who knows perfectly well that a sane manager will never give the correct figures if they are unflattering.

On the other hand truthful publication of receipts in THE MIRROR has a direct and important significance, since it fulfils thereby the valuable function of a theatrical commercial report. Its pages are scanned every week by thousands of men who are actively interested in knowing the drawing quality and popularity of various attractions. They seek information to learn whether certain companies are desirable for booking purposes. As they do not see, and probably would not trust if they did, the accounts in the New York dailies, they regularly consult THE MIRROR exclusively and with the same interest that the Wall Street man devours the financial column in his favorite morning paper. Under existent circumstances, therefore, it is our duty to place before our readers true and unbiased ratings, based on the most reliable information at our command.

Of late the business that is being done by Paul Kauvar at the Standard Theatre has been the subject of considerable newspaper discussion. Mr. Mackaye, Mr. Sanger, and the several others interested in one way or another in the production, have stoutly maintained that it has enjoyed the most satisfactory receipts; in fact, that its business has been so large as to partake of the nature of a "boom." *Per contra*, the press has widely stated that Mr. Mackaye's play has not played to anything like the money which is claimed, and furthermore, that the recently announced changes in the cast are made in pursuance of a necessary plan of economy. THE MIRROR has been told by more than one member of the cast that these latter assertions are true. Mr. Sanger, however, has written us a letter wherein he attributes them to a preconceived scheme to injure the play and its future prospects. We cannot see what motive could induce an organized effort of this description, nor does Mr. Sanger say on what grounds his supposition is based. Following is the manager's communication:

New York, Feb. 9, 1888.

DEAR SIR—As it has been published in a number of New York papers that Mr. Steele Mackaye has, for the sake of economy, been attempting to reduce the salaries of members of the Paul Kauvar company, I ask you in justice to make the following statement of facts: I am the sole manager of Paul Kauvar, representing the owners, and Mr. Mackaye has no right (even if he had the disposition) to reduce salaries. To be fair to him the only suggestion he has made regarding salaries has been in reference to certain artists; the cast who are understanding other parts, and whose work has been particularly satisfactory. He felt that their salaries should be increased, and at his recommendation they have been.

Concerning Mr. Joseph Haworth, Miss Lillie Eldridge and Miss Adèle Belgrade, no attempt was made to reduce their salaries, their terms of engagement having expired, and it was deemed advisable to place before the New York public the ladies and gentlemen who are to play the principal parts on the tour.

As Mr. Mackaye will be featured with the play throughout the country, and as he created the part in Buffalo, I thought it wise to bring him into the cast in New York city.

The reports that have been so busily exploited were certainly at least to injure the play, and Mr. Mackaye, who has dealt with the most exact justice and kindness to his associates, both behind and in front of the curtain. As his manager I explicitly deny any attempt on his part to reduce salaries, and the circulation of rumors contrary to these facts is as disgraceful to the originators as it is slanderous to him. Regarding the expenses of Paul Kauvar, the new cast will be even more expensive than the present one. This fact answers very positively the economy rumor which was started to injure this play by giving the impression that it was a financial failure. If it had not been a very unusual pecuniary success we should not have been guilty of the folly of renewing the lease of the Standard Theatre at the beginning of Lent.

Yours, very respectfully,

FRANK W. SANGER.

We are glad to give Manager Sanger's letter publicity in these columns, and, in justice, to state his side of the case. So far as Mr. Mackaye is concerned the denial is explicit. If he had no right to reduce salaries it naturally follows that he did not reduce them. Mr. Haworth and others state, however, that while the management asked no reduction up to the conclusion of the eight weeks originally contracted for, they were told that they would have to take a less salary for the four supplementary weeks of the run. Mr. Haworth chose the alternative of resigning from the cast. Of course Mr. Sanger, having fulfilled the original agreement with these actors, had a perfect right to reconstruct his salary list for the additional term, and they had an equal right to refuse the new arrangement and retire. The only pertinent and public significance of the incident is its bearing on the success or failure of the play. At all events the change in the cast will stimulate new interest in the production.

Mr. Palmer's Victory.

In February, 1886, Thatcher, Primrose and West made a contract with A. M. Palmer, of the Madison Square Theatre, to give performances at that theatre from May 10 to the end of July on shares. In the latter part of April just as their season was about to open, the minstrel proprietors sent a letter through their

attorney to Mr. Palmer, informing him that "Messrs. Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels will not perform at the Madison Square Theatre on the 3d or 10th of May, 1886." Then Mr. Palmer commenced an action in the Supreme Court for damages for breach of contract. It seems to have been the opinion among traveling companies that they could cancel dates when it suited them, and that the manager of a theatre could have no redress. They took the ground, which was urged by Messrs. Thatcher, Primrose and West, that it is impossible for a theatrical manager to prove any damages where he engages a company on shares, inasmuch as he could not show that any profit would have been made or the number of persons who would have attended the performances.

Ex Judge Dittenhoefer, representing Mr. Palmer, maintained that theatrical managers were not beyond the pale of the protection of the law, that a contract with a manager of a theatre was not an anomaly in the law, and that a recovery could be had; and the damage sustained was the value of the contract to the manager, and that such value was to be determined by the jury from the evidence of the former performances given by the defaulting company, their receipts, the success attending, seating capacity of the theatre in which they were to perform and all the surrounding circumstances; and that in law it did not lie in the mouth of a party who had by his act prevented the performances, to urge that there was no redress because the manager could not show to a certainty just what seats would have been occupied.

The case was called for trial last Friday before Judge O'Brien, and as Judge Dittenhoefer was about to open it to the jury the minstrel proprietors stopped the trial by settling the case. It is stated that \$1,000 was the sum accepted as a compromise. On the whole Manager Palmer is to be congratulated. A season of minstrelsy—even a Summer season—at such a place as the Madison Square would have probably done it more harm than good, inasmuch as the house is not a combination theatre, and its tone has been maintained from the start by presenting only dramatic performances of an artistic order.

The History of the Hanlons.

PARIS, Feb. 4, 1888.

Agoust, who is now manager of the New Circus at Paris, pretends that the book published under the title of "Memoirs of the Hanlon Brothers" is not the true history of the celebrated acrobats. Agoust says that he first met the six Hanlon brothers—Thomas, George, William, Alfred, Edward and Frederick—at Chicago about 1865. They were then performing as acrobats on the trapeze and on the carpet. Thomas and Albert, two splendidly-built fellows, were the "under men" in the pyramids. The other brothers were naturally thin and delicate. They have always worn two tights, a cheap one under the silk garment. To represent the muscles the undertights were stuffed with long shreds of wool, carefully combed, and one of the jokes used to be to stick pins, mounted with little white flags, into these false muscles.

At Chicago the Hanlons did the vaulting, while Agoust confined himself to juggling. Tanner was added with his dogs, and there was a female rope-dancer. However, the performance was too short, and Agoust proposed to the Hanlons to add a pantomime. He taught them two old sketches, Harlequin Statue and Harlequin Skeleton. This experiment had great success, and in 1867 the troupe went to Paris and began its reputation with the pantomime of Village Saw Bones. The war of 1870 broke up the company. The Hanlons went to England with the Stranges troupe, which was then at the Chatelet, and Agoust joined the army. They met again in 1876 at the Walhalla, in Berlin. The Hanlons were trying to mount a scene borrowed from the minstrel farce of Do, Mi, Sol, Do. They played as minstrels.

"What could you do in the piece," they asked Agoust.

"You haven't any orchestra leader," he replied. "I will take my place at the music stand."

And the five Hanlons admitted this former companion in their fortune to replace their brother Thomas who had died in America. Thomas had fallen at Cincinnati, one evening, and cut open his head while making a leap. He had been doctored as well as possible, but he suffered atrocious pains when the brothers jumped upon his mended head. He cried:

"I won't do it, I can't stand it any longer!"

"Coward! lazy devil!" replied George, the terrible man of the band.

And he inspired so much fear that the unfortunate Thomas continued to perform, and in a few months he became crazy.

Agoust says that the Hanlon Brothers were hard and merciless workers. They rehearsed every day except Sunday from ten in the morning until two, and from four in the afternoon until six. When they were tired of leaping they would sit down and work mentally.

"My boys, don't ever drink before the performance," said George. "After you can do as you like."

Do, Mi, Sol, Do, had an extraordinary success at the Folies Bergère. The Hanlons had been engaged for a month at a salary of \$1,800. The evening of the first performance they signed an engagement at \$3,000 a month, and played their pantomime thirteen months running. This piece and The Voyage en Suisse met with great favor in Belgium and England. In this latter country Agoust left the Hanlons.

The Managers' Alliance.

New York Amusement Gazette.

The public as well as the profession are equally interested in the union of managers that was almost accidentally formed the other day. Messrs. French and Sanger called a meeting to consider some legislation regulating certain details about fires in theatres. Editor Harrison Grey Fiske, of THE MIRROR, at once saw that the meeting could be made the nucleus of a managers' protection society and wisely urged the idea. His counsel is likely to be followed, as the leading managers of the city have signified their approval of the project.

The Usher.



Head him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

Booth and Barrett are piling up solid arguments against the belief that the public taste has altogether degenerated. Their receipts all along this season's route have been extraordinary. I have received a dispatch from Texas which forms a continuation to the old story. "The Booth and Barrett sale," it says, "opened in Galveston, and within three hours the entire lower part of the house was sold for \$4,000. At Houston all the seats went in one hour. An extra performance given there to accommodate the wishes of those that were disappointed. The Dallas sale—the largest in the South—is \$5,000; the house sold out in three hours. An additional performance will not satisfy the demand."

Who says now that the "legitimate" has gone to the demeriton bow-wows?

Dion Boucicault and his company are not playing this week, but are located in Boston holding two rehearsals a day of the new play, *Cushla-ma-Chree*, which will be produced in that city next Monday night. The scenery is picturesque and copious—there are seven complicated sets.

The piece is founded on Scott's novel, "Guy Mannering." Mr. Boucicault tells me that the more he compares the story with the existing drama the more he feels surprised at the blunder of the dramatist in omitting such scenes as the murder of Kennedy at the point of Warrock, and the attack on the Bridewell and Customs House by the smugglers and the mob.

As he transferred the *locale* of the Colleen Bawn, from the Shannon to Killarney, so has he transferred the *locale* of "Guy Mannering" from the coast of Scotland to the opposite coast of Ireland where the scenery of the Giant's Causeway gives him better scope for effect and the Irish characters are warmer in tone than the Scotch. The production of a Boucicault play is always an event and the premiere of *Cushla-ma-Chree* will be awaited with lively interest.

That quaint and clever little person Johnstone Bennett is as original off the stage as on. Dozens of anecdotes about her possess the same flavor of genuine humor that was exhaled by her unique performance of Sally in *Monsieur*. Miss Bennett had a birthday not long ago and some friend, knowing her weakness for cigarettes, made her a present of an elaborately carved cigarette-holder. Surmounting it is a nude Venus. The donor called to see the young lady two or three days ago and was surprised to find a small silk apron hanging down from the figure's waist and fastened at its back by a tiny cord. He tentatively asked the meaning of the innovation.

"Oh, nothing much," replied the actress gravely, "except that Mr. Anthony Comstock insisted that she should wear something in the way of clothes."

A good many women in the profession and in society smoke cigarettes secretly. How often do we see the tell-tale stains of nicotine on taper fingers! There's no harm in a woman puffing a cigarette now and then; with the proviso that it doesn't injure her health, that her friends are not the sort who think she risks her expectations of eternal happiness thereby, and that her fondness for a smoke won't lead chance acquaintances or observant strangers to unpleasant misunderstandings.

Miss Bennett and her handsome adopted mother, Sibyl Johnstone of the *Henrietta*, both like cigarettes and aren't ashamed to own it. They are connoisseurs, too, and personally select the fragrant stock for the specially made, all-tobacco articles that they use.

Fred Marsden is back in town after a visit to Louisville, where he went the other day to help Patti Rosa rehearse his new comedy, *Imp*. Marsden says that she is by long odds the cleverest of any of the soubrette stars for whom he has written, and he adds that the little woman is in great demand as an attraction among Western managers.

Marsden, by the bye, keeps a good dramatic shop if one is to judge by the way in which his customers come back for more material. He cuts his cloth to a nicety, and has yet to take back his first misfit. Lotta took three pieces, Joe Murphy three, Roland Reed three, and W. J. Scanlan has ordered a second on which the playwright is now at work.

Marsden has a calendar of home manufacture on the desk in his study, which is marked with red lines in certain places, and in its ar-

rangement has no reference to the beginning and ending of the year, but instead seems to be designed as a calendar of the season.

"I have used that kind of calendar for several years," says the dramatist, "and Bronson Howard, I believe, adopted it for his own use. Where the red lines are drawn it signifies so much torture. They form the schedule on which I work. Those marks you see there mean Scanlan's new play. I must complete one act before those unmarked dates begin, and so on through the Spring and Summer. I find it's the best method of procedure. The beneficial results of a regular system is as telling in dramatic composition as in a six days' go-as-you-please."

Maude Harrison's fund for Mrs. Wetherill has reached nearly \$3,000. It has been deposited in bank to the latter's credit. The most of this handsome sum was sent in response to written appeals to members of the profession. Miss Harrison is very grateful to those that have so generously assisted her benevolent undertaking. She says she feels as happy over the result as Mrs. Wetherill does.

By the death of Stephen J. Meany last week journalism lost one of its ablest and worthiest members. He was a scholarly writer, and a man of spotless integrity. The best years of his active life were devoted to the support of the Irish cause, both on the other side and in America. I was at one time associated with him on the editorial staff of one of our daily newspapers, where I had the privilege of enjoying an intimate insight into his professional work and his rare personal character. I knew him to be a stalwart patriot, an elegant and eloquent political writer, and possessed of a singularly pure and noble mind. In old-fashioned dignity of port and courtliness he formed a striking contrast to some of the younger brood of journalists among whom his lot was cast.

Word reaches me that Kathryn Kidder, who has been quietly studying in Paris for several months past, is engaged by Wilson Barrett to appear in his forthcoming London production of *The Golden Ladder*. This should be an enviable opportunity for the promising young American.

That energetic advance agent, Mr. "Punch" Wheeler, requests me to state that he has just succeeded in inducing the Postmaster-General to put his star's portrait on the new two-cent stamp. Mr. Wheeler calls this "a great piece of advertising agility."

The Press Club at Albany is no doubt a very estimable institution, but it oughtn't to imitate its big cousin here in the matter of taking public benefits. On Monday night Emmet played for the Club at the Leland Opera House. The members of the press, whether in Albany or this city, should not stoop to calling on the profession and the public for financial support. It is obviously improper for journalists either to assume an attitude of mendicancy or to place themselves under obligations to actors and managers. If the newspaper men in a community cannot afford to maintain a press club themselves they should retain their self-respect and do without one.

Lizzie Kelsey's Death.

Lizzie Kelsey died on Tuesday morning of consumption. She was thirty-six years of age. The funeral services will take place at the Little Church Around the Corner to-day (Thursday) at half-past-one. The interment will be at Greenwood Cemetery, beside her mother.

Lizzie Kelsey was an English girl of singular beauty, with a classic face. She was born in London. She came to America in 1867 to dance in the first scene of *The Black Crook*, at Niblo's, in place of Miss Morton who had fallen ill. She went direct from the ship to rehearsal, but Signor Costa, the ballet master, could only give her a few minutes of instruction. She went to the wings in tears and despairing, but found a friend in Mrs. Richard Marston who was then in the company and who coached her for the rest of the day. She only danced, however, for a week or two as she was put into the part of Mephistophelia owing to her beauty. In the same piece on tour she played *Stalacta*. When *The White Fawn* replaced the *Crook* she appeared in that also. She played in the burlesque *Princess Royal* at Tammany, and afterwards was seen at Wood's Museum and the Eagle Theatre, on the site of the present Standard. After the burning of the Eagle she played at Booth's Theatre in Dion Boucicault's company. Miss Kelsey next went to England for five years playing in the leading pantomimes and the spectacle *Naïad Queen*. She played in Uncle Tom's Cabin after that and returned to America about two years ago.

Miss Kelsey was a woman whose goodness in private life endeared her to her friends. She was the support and loving nurse to her father, mother, and brother, all of whom died of the same disease that carried her off. Her illness began a year ago, just after her brother's death. She leaves a sister who is afflicted with the same fatal malady. Her great grief at dying was that her sister's two young children would be deprived of her loving care.

Miss Kelsey leaves to the profession a memento in the form of a beautiful picture of herself as a Naïad rising from the sea, which she has bequeathed to the Actors' Fund.

Mr. Mansfield's Trip to England.

"Mr. Irving's offer of his Lyceum Theatre to Mr. Mansfield," said E. D. Price, yesterday, "was a gratifying compliment. He

tendered the choicest time in the season, and that gives it double weight.

"Mr. Mansfield will return to New York for a farewell engagement in June. It is likely that he will then be seen in another new play. In August he sails for London with a new company, composed entirely of American actors. His engagement at the Lyceum will last three months, beginning in September. Dr. Jekyll, A Parisian Romance, and Monsieur will constitute the repertoire, and the pieces will be finely mounted."

Mr. Mansfield's style of acting is *sui generis*. It will, at least, attract the Londoners by its novelty. Except when the French players cross the channel they see nothing that resembles it.

A Star That Failed to Twinkle.

The company engaged to support Al. S. Phillips in the burlesque, *Faust*, are disbanding. A Philadelphia paper tells how Mr. Phillips has treated a syndicate of men who were willing to put up a large sum. George C. Brotterton claims to have lost some \$700 in his effort to star the comedian in *Job Lots*, but when he found that the young man did not seem anxious to actually go on the road he gave up the enterprise in despair.

Then Mr. Phillips interested a syndicate composed of John G. Sterrett, a broker of the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, another well-known Philadelphian and a Chicago beef-packer. A contract was drawn up for three years, it being thought that \$3,000 would fully cover the cost of production. That sum went before the backers knew where they were, and what with living at the Gilsey House in this city, with his wife and child, at the rate of \$200 a week and other little items of a similar nature, the syndicate were soon behind to the tune of \$10,000.

Then they concluded to throw the comedian over. His heaviest creditors sent a Philadelphia lawyer to New York on Friday last to arrest him in case he attempted to go to Europe, the charge against him being that of obtaining money under false pretenses. Ted Marks, who left Arthur Reban's company, where he was engaged as advance agent, is furious with himself for his folly, and Edward Stevens is trying to retrieve his error by taking up the management of Jennie Yeamans. Neither has received any salary.

Good Things for 'Frisco.

"I have just closed with Fanny Davenport," said Al. Hayman to a *Mirror* representative Tuesday, "to produce *La Tosca* at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, for two weeks immediately following the run of the play in this city at the Broadway Theatre. The production will be taken entire to the Pacific Coast and will be given with the same company, the same scenery, and the same costumes that the New York public is to see. The opening date will be May 28. Following the two weeks' run in the city I shall take Miss Davenport on tour for seven weeks, presenting *Fedora*, which has never yet been seen on the Pacific Coast."

"I shall have quite a noted trio on tour the coming Spring—Mrs. James Brown Potter, Mrs. Langtry and Miss Davenport. The attractions to be seen at the Baldwin between now and September also includes Booth and Barrett, Annie Pixley, Frederick Warde, Denman Thompson, the Lyceum Theatre company in *The Wife*, and A. M. Palmer's Madison Square Theatre company. I don't think that list can be beaten."

Our Minstrel Boys to Travel.

"Dockstader's Minstrels will go on the road in a little less than two weeks now," was the announcement that Mr. Dockstader made to a *Mirror* reporter early in the week. "We will open in the Eastern country in Feb. 27, and after a few weeks there play direct to San Francisco and back, returning in September. Our time for the seven months is all booked, and the theatre here has been rented for the entire term that he will be away, though I am not at liberty yet to name the attraction."

"Our party will be known as Dockstader's Magnificent Minstrels, and will include the members of the firm, Burt Shepard, John C. Graus, who will look after our business interests on the road, and myself. Billy Rice, who is a great card, not alone in this city, but outside of it, Arthur C. Moreland, Blampkin the harpist, William Courtright, H. W. Frillman, W. H. Reiser, Jose, Baker, Jones, Manning, and Davis. Perry and Magrew, Joseph Garland, W. S. Mullaly and orchestra, and the Madrigal Boys."

"Altogether, we will carry with us thirty-three people including the orchestra and brass band. Handsome new costumes are being made. Those for the first part will be novel. The Central Lithograph company are turning out some handsome lithographs for us. We will have the strongest minstrel company, musically, that was ever on the road. William Foote will manage the route from the city, at the same time looking after my interests in the theatre."

Osmond Tearle's English Tour.

Concerning his forthcoming starring tour through England next season, "Osmond Tearle said to a representative of *THE MIRROR* the other day, "You see two years ago when I returned to America, it was because I thought I would like to get back here and travel. I had always been identified with Wallack's Theatre, and had had no actual experience of travel in American one night stands. But I got a little, and didn't like it. Then I went back to Wallack's, and now, as it seems to me, the stock system is going to die out here—mind you, I may be mistaken—and as I had several good offers to go back and star I determined to return to the other side. Besides that, in traveling here, one must separate from one's family. If I go on the road, I may be able to take my wife, but I must leave the children and so the family circle is broken up."

"When I came out a couple of years ago English managers, who had played me, wrote over that I was a fool to leave when the field was open for legitimate work, and I had expended about seven years of labor there. I like the legitimate better, too, so I've entered into a contract for two years with Mr. Beryl, Manager of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh,

and the Princess, Glasgow. I'm now making my preparations. Hawthorne is manufacturing my costumes. I shall introduce a number of American specialties in the advertising department."

My wife will, of course, play with me. The repertoire will include Hamlet, *Virginia*, *Brutus*, or, *The Fall of Tarquin*; *Othello* and *The Merchant of Venice*. Mrs. Tearle will assume the heavy leading roles, such as the Queen, Portia and *Evelina*. I shall leave here immediately on the conclusion of my engagement at Wallack's, and I open my season at Nottingham on August 6. I hope most sincerely to come here again, but I can't say when."

Manager Aronson's Trip Abroad.

Rudolph Aronson arrived Sunday on the *Etruria*, and it was not long before the result of his five weeks' trip abroad was given to the representative of *THE MIRROR*, who called upon him.

"In the first place," said Mr. Aronson, "I went to Vienna, met Johann Strauss, the composer, and saw his latest opera, *Simplicius*, which was lately produced. It is not unlike *The Gypsy Baron*, but it is too heavy for this country. Then I saw Millocker, the composer of *The Beggar Student*. He is busy now on a new opera, which may be produced at the Casino. The book is to be sent over to me for consideration. I met both Genée and Calbulka in Vienna, and heard the latter's *Gluckritter* (*Lucky Beggar*).

"In Paris, I met Lecocq, whose *Ali Barbiere* I had heard in Brussels, and from him received the score of *The Oolah*, which, as you know, follows *Erminie* here, besides making arrangements to have the music of his new opera, *La Voliere*, sent to me. It will probably be produced at our house. I had also the pleasure of seeing Audran, and arranged with him for an opera, the libretto of which is to be furnished from here. Then I saw M. Varney, who wrote *The Musketeers*, M. Seriet, the author of *La Fille de Tambour-Major*, and Emile Waldteufel, whom I have been negotiating with to conduct the root garden concerts at the Casino this Summer. He will play his own compositions, and compose several new waltzes expressly for the season."

"But it was in London that I did the most. I found there an opera written by W. S. Gilbert, the music of which is by Offenbach. Though twelve years old it is an excellent work, and I purchased it outright for this country and Canada. It had a run of 300 nights in Paris, but legal obstacles kept it out of London. I may produce it next Fall. Then I made arrangements with Gilbert and Sullivan to produce with them simultaneously in June or September, the new opera which they are now constructing. The music of the first act is nearly completed, and the libretto is receiving the finishing touches. I also met in London Planquette and Tito Mattei, the composer of 'Non e Ver.' The latter submitted to me the score of a Spanish operetta entitled *The Grand Duke*, which I am to pass upon at my earliest convenience."

"As you know *The Oolah* follows *Erminie*. For this opera I have had the costume plates designed by Pillot and Besch, of London. Following it is to come *Nadji*, by Chasignie, who will come over himself to conduct the first performance. It will be put on the stage by James Baker, stage manager of the Savoy Theatre, London. Jakobowski, who is to come over and conduct the orchestra on the occasion of the 700th performance of *Erminie* on Feb. 29, has written new songs for *Cerise* and the baritone, especially for that occasion."

"The one thing that I noticed particularly on my European trip," said Mr. Aronson in conclusion, "is the immense superiority of our theatres in such matters as scenery, costumes and stage mechanism. They are rude, clumsy and bald on the other side, and my surprise is that their audiences put up with it."

The Raymond Monument Fund.

Subscriptions to the fund to erect a suitable monument over the grave of John T. Raymond in Evergreens Cemetery continue to come in with gratifying spontaneity. Since the list of subscribers was published in last week's *Mirror* the additional sum of \$190 has been received by A. M. Palmer, who is acting as treasurer in the matter. Following are the names of the new donor:

Previously acknowledged,	\$750
Ada R. Rehn	10
Augustin Day	25
T. S. Robertson, M. D.	25
Eugene Tompkins	25
H. A. McGlenn	25
Edward Harrigan	25
Professor Herrmann	25
Minnie Oscar Gray	25
Charles F. Palmer	25
Total	\$910

As the monument will not cost over fourteen or fifteen hundred dollars there is no doubt but the rest of the money required for this laudable purpose will be subscribed within a short time. Those wishing to aid the object should send their contributions to Mr. Palmer at the Madison Square Theatre.

The Fortunes of the Tank.

H. S. Taylor returned to town the other day after an absence of four weeks with his *Dark Secret* company.

"I have visited Baltimore, Cleveland and Chicago," he said to the *Mirror* reporter who called on him, "and now I'm back again to show those who have set rumors on foot that I intended giving up my booking agency that I'm in the race to last. Although we have been playing to big houses all along the route—at the Park Theatre, Cleveland, for instance, Manager Ellis claiming that for the first time since the house was built, it had been completely filled—I found that the general run of business in the West had been only fair. Cleveland is for cheap prices, the result of a surfeit of shows, and Chicago has too many theatres by far. A tank piece played in opposition to us there and didn't take in the water rates."

"The reason for but a fair general theatrical business is that mercantile business is not as good as it ought to be. The crops are all right, but the intensely cold weather and the big storms have had a disastrous effect on business. It's the same way here. If there is a frightfully stormy day there is little shopping done, because people won't go out. We shall close the season of *The Dark Secret*

about the middle of May. We are now having a new steam-launch built for the play by the Waukegan Ship Yards, Waukegan, Ill."

Gossip of the Town.



After an absence of a year Maude Westworth has returned to the stage. She has appeared in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Lady of Lyons*, *The Hunchback*, *Leah*, *East Lynne*, *Othello* and *School for Scandal*. She was a pupil of Mrs. Emma Waller. Miss Westworth's portrait appears above.

The date for the production of *La Tosca* has finally been set for Saturday, March 3.

A benefit will be given to Carl Rankin at Dockstader's this (Thursday) afternoon.

Lewis Morrison has sold his handsome house at Ocean Grove, N. J., for \$6,000.

Ignacio Martinetti has closed with the Devil's Auction company, and is in town.

The Gypsy Baron opened at the Baldwin, San Francisco, last Monday night to \$1,900.

Ivan Peronet has been engaged by Mrs. Langtry as private secretary and understudy.

Ignacio Martinetti has been engaged by Frank Daniels to play Billy Giltedge in *Little Puck*.

The Managers' Association will meet this (Thursday) afternoon at the Actors' Fund rooms.

George W. June's engagement as business manager for Keller terminated last Saturday. He is at liberty.

Maggie Mitchell comes to the Fourteenth Street Theatre on March 12. She will open with *Maggie*, the Midget.

Harry Clarke, of the Tourists, received a telegram on Saturday announcing the death of his mother at Thomonville.

Bidwell's New Orleans theatres have seven weeks open in February and March. Time is filling for the season 1888-89.

Manager Hill will give another Nineteenth Century Club invitation matinee at the Union Square Theatre on February 21.

William Foote has taken charge of the front of the house at Dockstader's. He will remain in New York during the company's tour.

Lillie Leach has been engaged by J. F. Harley for Civil Service, which will open its season at Brockton, Mass., on Saturday.

Mamie Gilroy, a young actress, was run over on Tuesday night by a Bellevue Hospital ambulance, and is now lying at her home seriously ill.

Phillip W. Goatcher has been engaged for the summer at Wallack's to paint the scenery for three Shakespearean pieces to be produced next season.

No souvenirs will be distributed at the 150th performance of *The Henrietta*, which takes place at the Union Square next Saturday afternoon.

Phyllis Dene, which may be produced at the next Authors' Matinee at the Madison Square Theatre, is by Eugene W. Presbury, stage-manager of that house.

Negotiations have been concluded between Mr. Gillette and Hermann and Haas, managers, of Berlin, by which *Held by the Enemy* is to be produced in Germany.

George C. Russell, treasurer of the Evangeline company, died last Saturday night in Baltimore, of pneumonia. He was thirty-five years old, and a native of Boston.

Edwin Arden, who has been so successful with the *Ivy Leaf*, has twenty-six weeks booked for *Barred Out*. The latter play has met with marked success, according to the press.

During the engagement of Herr Barney at the Academy of Music next month he will produce *Lear*, a new version of Keats, *Uriel*, *Acosta*, *Richard the Third* and *Columbus*.

On Tuesday a motion was made in the City Court in the suit of Messrs. Appleton to punish Edward E. Rice for contempt of court for non-payment of \$175 for a set of their *Encyclopedia*. Decision was reserved. There are two similar suits against Henry E. Dixey and Ida Bell.

The Mozart Academy of Music at Richmond, Va., which has a seating capacity of over 1,500, seems to have a promising future. The Mozart Association of over 600 influential members has taken charge of the theatre, thus controlling large patronage. The house is to be remodeled next Summer.

All the present members of McCaull's Opera company, with the exception of Hubert Wilke, who is contemplating a starring tour, have been re-engaged for two years beginning on May 1 next. *The Lady or the Tiger*, Sydney Rosenfeld's opera, is to be produced by the company at Wallack's on May 7. Rehearsals begin in Boston the latter part of this month. Phillip Goatcher will paint the scenery and the costumes will be made from sketches by Matt. Morgan. J. J. Lyons has written the score.

Letter to the Editor.

DID NOT ADVERTISE THE PLAY.

LONDON, Jan. 31, 1888.

Editor *New York Mirror*:
DEAR SIR—My attention has been called to an article in your issue of Dec. 31. I wish to state that I have not advertised *The Pickpocket* for sale. I did write to a certain manager in New York City offering to secure him the comedy if he desired to purchase it, or if he had not the money to invest, I would buy it and let him have it on royalty. This letter was a private communication, and if there has been any advertising done, it has not been through yours, very truly,
JOHN A. SEWELL

Toronto Opera House (Show and Jacobus, managers): H. B. Jacobus, owner. Wagon of the Gaiety, played to great success. The show is a new one, and the actors are all new. The show is a new one, and the actors are all new. The show is a new one, and the actors are all new.

Grand Opera House (John H. Davidson, manager): Frank Jones in St. Patrick's small house, although he is a very good actor. The show is a new one, and the actors are all new. The show is a new one, and the actors are all new.

ST. THOMAS.
Opera House (George S. Clark, manager): Janus, a new show, played to great success. The show is a new one, and the actors are all new. The show is a new one, and the actors are all new.

HAMILTON.
Janus, a new show, played to great success. The show is a new one, and the actors are all new. The show is a new one, and the actors are all new.

Montreal.
Janus, a new show, played to great success. The show is a new one, and the actors are all new. The show is a new one, and the actors are all new.

DATES AHEAD.

Managers of travelling companies will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

DRAMATIC COMPANIES.

A. M. PALMER'S JIM THE PENMAN (Western Co.): Chicago 13-18, St. Paul 20-25, Minneapolis 27-31, Milwaukee 3-10.

A. M. PALMER'S JIM THE PENMAN (Southern Co.): New Orleans 13-18, Houston 20-25, Galveston 27-31, San Antonio 3-10, Austin 12-17, Dallas 19-24, Fort Worth 26-31, Sherman 3-10, Fort Worth 26-31, Paris 6-11, Texarkana 12-17, Fort Worth 26-31, Dallas 19-24.

A. M. PALMER'S JIM THE PENMAN (Special): Jersey City 13-18.

ADA GRAY: Washington 13-18, Newark 20-25, Philadelphia 27-31.

ALONSO IN LONDON: N. Y. City 13-18.

A. M. PALMER'S JIM THE PENMAN (Special): Jersey City 13-18.

ADAMS HENDON: Cincinnati 13-18.

ARTHUR BROWN: Chicago 13-18, St. Paul 20-25, Minneapolis 27-31, Milwaukee 3-10.

ATKINSON-COOK CO.: Lancaster, Pa., 13, Harrisburg 20-25, Williamsport 27-31, New York 3-10.

ALICE HARRISON: Philadelphia 13-18, Newark 20-25, Philadelphia 27-31.

AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS: Sedalia, Mo., 16, Jefferson City 17, Moberly 18, Hannibal 30, Quincy, Ill., 31, Keokuk, Ia., 1, Burlington 23, Muscatine 24, Davenport 25.

ABBY'S UNCLE TOM: Glasgow, N. J., 16, Woodbury 23, Mount Holly 18, Burlington 20.

BOOTH-BARTON CO.: Dallas, Tex., 16-17, Fort Worth 18, Wood 20, Austin 21, San Antonio 22, San Jose 23, Stockton 24, Sacramento 25, Denver 26, Omaha, Neb., 27.

BREY MAGNIFY: Detroit 13-18, Chicago 20-25, Kansas City 27-31, Topeka 3-10.

BUNCE OF KAYS: Louisville, Ky., 16-18, Evansville, Ind., 20, Vincennes 21, Terre Haute 22, Jefferson City 23, Lawrence, Kan., 24, Leavenworth 25, Kansas City 26-31.

BEACON LIGHTS: Chicago 13-18.

BOY TRAMP CO.: Edinburgh, Ind., 16, Franklin 17, Freshport 18, Anderson 20, Peru 21, Logansport 22, Wabash 23, Anderson 24.

CHAMPAIGN: Pittsburg, Pa., 13-18, Cleveland 20-25, Buffalo 27-31.

CLARA MONTAG: St. Louis 13-18, Kansas City 20-25, Chicago 27-31.

CLARENCE SCOTT CO.: Jacksonville, Fla., 13-14, Tyrore 15, Houtside 16, Philadelphia 17-18.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON: Bloomington, Ill., 16, Peoria 17, Quincy 18, Kansas City 20-25.

C. H. ELLIS: Wilmington, Del., 16-18, York, Pa., 20, Lancaster 21, Allentown 22, Pittsburg 23, Binghamton 24, N. Y. City 25, Utica March 1-5, Brooklyn 12-17.

COLD DAY CO. (Perkins D. Fisher): Detroit 13-18, Grand Rapids 20-25.

CONRAD THE COBBLER: N. Y. City Oct. 17-18, run. CORA VAN TASSER: Lincoln, Ill., 20, Springfield 21-22, Crawfordville, Ind., 23, La Porte 24, Kalamazoo, Mich., 25.

CHICKADEE LIPS: Cincinnati 13-18, Louisville 20-25, Chicago 27-31, Milwaukee 3-10.

CHARLES ELLIS: Hartford, Ct., 23-25.

C. A. LODGE: St. Paul, Minn., 17, Beaver Falls, Pa., 18, Cleveland, 20-25.

CATTLE KING CO.: Rochester, 13-18, Troy 20-25, Montreal 27-31.

DANIEL BOONE CO.: Hartford, Ct., 16, Putnam 17, Webster 18.

HOLE IN THE GROUND CO.: Denver 13-18.

HENRY'S HEARTS OF OAK: Cincinnati 13-18.

HOLD BY THE KERRY (Northern): Bath, Me., 16.

HOLD BY THE KERRY (Southern): Cincinnati 13-18.

HENRY E. DIXON: Baltimore 13-18, Washington 20-25, Cleveland 27-31, Detroit March 1-5.

HARRY BROWN CHASE: Williamsport, Ct., 18.

IDA VAN COIT: Indianapolis, Ind., 13-18, Jackson 20-25, Ann Arbor 27-31.

INCE COMEDY CO.: Milford, Mass., 16, Marlboro 17, Hudson 18, Maynard 20, Leominster 21, Chelsea 22.

JOHN S. CLARK: Philadelphia, Dec. 16-18, Dec. 20-22.

JOSEPH MURPHY: St. Louis 13-18, Chicago 20-25, Adams, Mich., 27, Toledo March 1-5, London, Ont., 6-7, Hamilton 8-10, Boston 12-17, Brooklyn 13-18.

JAMES WAINWRIGHT CO.: Philadelphia 13-18, Lancaster 20, Reading 21, Wilkes-Barre 22, Scranton 23, Washington 27-31.

JAMES O'NEILL'S MONTE CRISTO (Fechter Verses): Philadelphia 13-18, N. Y. City 20-25, New Brunswick, N. J., 27, Plainfield 28, Elizabeth 29, Reading, Pa., March 1-5.

JOHN A. MACKAY: Buffalo 13-18.

JAMES CONNOR ROACH: Brooklyn 6-18.

JENNY CALP: Buffalo 20-25.

JENNY BOWSTELL: Elkhart, Ind., 16, South Bend 17-18.

JENNIE KIMBALL'S MAM'ZELLE CO.: Reading, Pa., 16, Washington 20-25.

JENNIE KIMBALL'S MAM'ZELLE CO.: Reading, Pa., 16, Washington 20-25.

J. B. POLK: Cincinnati 13-18, Dayton 20, Piqua 21, Sidney 22, Lima 23, Findlay 24, Tiffin 25, Detroit 27-31.

JOHN DILLON: Green Bay, Wis., 27, Peshtigo 28, Marinette 29, Menominee, Mich., March 1, Kalamazoo 2, Marquette 3, Negaunee 4, Ishpeming 5, Houghton 6, Hancock 7, Red Jacket 8, Lake Linden 9, John S. Murphy, Atlanta, Ga., 13-18, Montgomery, Ala., 17, Birmingham 18, Pensacola, Fla., 20-21, Mobile, Ala., 22, Vicksburg, Miss., 23-24.

JOHN CASTLETON: Chicago 20-25.

KIMBLE'S ARCADE: Chicago 13-18, Minneapolis 13-18, Milwaukee 20-25, Chicago 27-31.

KATIE PUTNAM: Chicago 13-18.

KEEF IT DARE: Salem, Mass., 16, Gloucester 17, Haverhill 18, Lowell 19, Amherst 20, Amherst 21, Dover, N. H., 23, Portsmouth 24, Brockton, Mass., 25.

LIZIE EVANS: Helena, Ark., 15-16, Greenville, Miss., 17-18, New Orleans 20-25.

LILLIAN LEWIS: Paris, Ky., 15-16, Mayville 17-18, Cythiana 20, 21, Louisville 22-23.

LITTLE NUGGET: Titusville, Pa., 16, Cory 17, Jamesburg, N. Y., 18.

LIGHTS OF LONDON: Newark 13-18, Philadelphia 20-25.

LOUISE ARNOT: Philadelphia 13-18.

LOST IN NEW YORK: Providence, R. I., 13-16, New Haven, Ct., 17-18, Jersey City 20-25.

LOTTA: Kansas City, Mo., 13-18, St. Joseph 16, Atchison, Kan., 21, Leavenworth 22, Topeka 23-24, Wichita 25, Pueblo, Colo., 27, Colorado Springs 28-30, Denver 31, Chicago 1-5.

MRS. MONTGOMERY: Troy, N. Y., 16, Albany 17-18.

MARGARET MATTHEW: Pittsburgh 13-18, Cleveland 20-25, Brooklyn 27-31.

MRS. JANAUSCHKE: Burlington, Ia., 20, Ottumwa 23, Des Moines 24, Atlantic 25, Omaha 26-29, Council Bluffs 30, Lincoln, Neb., 31.

MORA CO.: Rome, N. Y., 13-18, Auburn 20-25.

MICHAEL STROGOFF (Keechins): New Orleans 13-18, Pensacola, Fla., 20, Mobile, Ala., 21, Montgomery 22, Selma 23, Atlanta, Ga., 24-25.

MARION FLEMING: Chicago 13-18.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER: New Orleans 13-18, Mobile 20, Selma 21, Birmingham 22, Memphis 23-25, St. Louis 27, March 1-5, Chicago 3-10.

MASS. MATTHEW: Troy, N. Y., 16, Albany 17-18.

MARGARET MATTHEW: Pittsburgh 13-18, Cleveland 20-25, Brooklyn 27-31.

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MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER: New Orleans 13-18, Mobile 20, Selma 21, Birmingham 22, Memphis 23-25, St. Louis 27, March 1-5, Chicago 3-10.

MRS. LANGTRY: Chicago 6-10, St. Louis 5-10, Memphis 12-14.

MAIN LINE: Troy, N. Y., 16-18, Boston 20-25, New England circuit three weeks, Brooklyn March 26-31, N. Y. City April 2-5.

MAGGIE MITCHELL: Brooklyn, E. D., 13-18, N. Y. City 20-25.

METASTAYE VAUGHN CO.: N. Y. City 30-31, Buffalo 1-5, Mount Pleasant 17, Scottsdale 17, Greensboro 20, Irwin 21, Lotrope 22, Blairsville 23.

MILTON NOBLE: Richmond, Va., 21, Norfolk 22, Danville 23, Lynchburg 24, Adams 25, Chattanooga, Tenn., 26, Nashville March 1-5, Memphis 5-7, Huntsville 8, Chattanooga 9-10, Augusta, Ga., 12, Charleston, S. C., 13-14, Savannah, Ga., 15, Macon 16, Columbus 17, Birmingham 18, Selma 20, Montgomery 21.

MOULTON CO.: Springfield, Mass., 13-18, Waterbury 20-25, New Bedford 27-31.

MAJUMBI: N. Y. City Jan. 9-10, run.

MAJUMBI FRASCO: St. Paul 17-18, Gainesville 19, N. Y. City Jan. 23-25, Dallas 26, Tyler 27, Shreveport, La., 28, Texarkana, Tex., March 1, New Albany, Ind., 19.

MONTY CASTRO: Delaware, O., 16, Galton 17, Mount Pleasant 18, Wooster, O., 20, Alliance 21, Wellsboro 22, Cadiz 23, Martin's Ferry 24, Steubenville 25, East Liverpool 27, New Lisbon 28, Niles 29, Leatonia March 1, Wadsworth 2.

MATTIE VICKERS: Wheeling, W. Va., 16-18, Toledo, O., 20-25.

MURRAY AND MURPHY: Salem, Mass., 16, Chelsea 17, Portland, Me., 13, Lewiston 14, Bangor 15, Biddeford 16, South Framingham, Mass., 20.

MONTE CRISTO CO. (Linden's): Osceola, Ia., 16-18, Charleston 20-25, Indiana 23-25, Des Moines 27-31.

MY GERALDINE: New Orleans 13-18.

MONROE AND RICE: Chicago 13-18, Aurora 20, Peoria 21, Lafayette, Ind., 22.

METASTAYE'S TOURISTS: Paterson, N. J., 13-18, Baltimore 20-25.

MODEL COMEDY CO.: Aurora, Ill., 13-18, Ottawa 20-25, Bloomington 27-31, Valparaiso, Ind., 3-10.

N. S. WOOD: N. Y. City 13-18.

NEIL BURGESS: Hastings, Neb., 16, Grand Island 17, Columbus 18, Omaha 20-21.

NATURAL GAS CO.: Chicago 13-18.

NEWTON BROWN (Lost in London): Chattanooga 15, Lexington 17-18, Cincinnati 20-25, Chicago 27-31, March 4, Pullman 5, Lafayette 6, Danville 7, Vincennes 8, Evansville 9-10, Louisville 12-17, Dayton 19-20, Springfield 21, Wheeling, W. Va., 22-23.

NELLIE WALKER: Redwing, Minn., 19-20, Wabasha 19-18, Chippewa Falls, Wis., 20-21, Stevens Point 22-23, Merrill 24, Warsaw 25, Antigo 26-27, Shawano 28-30.

N. C. GOODWIN: N. Y. City 13-18.

OLIVER W. WERN CO.: Nellville, O., 17, Liverpool 18, Salineville 19, Alliance 20, Canal Fulton 21, Orrville 22, Londonville 23, Bucyrus 24.

OSBORN-STOCKWELL CO.: San Francisco Dec 5-10, definite season.

OLIVER BYRON: Hartford, Ct., 16-18.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER CO.: Hutchinson, Kan., 16, Wichita 17-18, Eureka 20, Wellington 21, Winfield 22, Emporia 24, Osage City 25, Topeka 27-28, Atchison 29-30, March 1.

PAT MULDOON CO.: Paola, Kas., 15, Olathe 17, Wyandotte 18, Liberty, Mo., 20, Lexington 21.

PARLO MATCH CO.: Philadelphia 13-18, N. Y. City 20-25.

PATTI ROSA: Palestine, Tex., 16, Galveston 17-18.

PECK'S BAD BOY: Cleveland 13-18, Washington 20-25.

PERCY BAKER: Kansas City 13-18, Rich Hill, Mo., 20, Nevada 21, Fort Scott 22, Springfield 23, Fort Smith 24, Pine Bluff, Ark., 25.

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Third season with Joseph Murphy, season 1887-8.

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JOHN SAUNDERS. Special engagement with Jennie Calef. Especially engaged with Windsor and Winslow's Town Lots. Jan. 31, Windsor Theatre, Chicago.

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MR. G. D. CHAPLIN. Address 245 W. 11th street, New York.

MR. JAMES L. CARHART. First Old Men. Address 21 W. 31st St., or Simmons & Brown.

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MISS STELLA REES. With Robert Downing. Season 1887-8.

OSCAR EAGLE. Short Season with McKee Rankin's Danites.

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W. H. MACK, JR. As the Lone Fisherman in Evangeline.

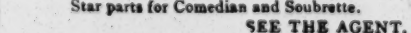
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Star parts for Comedian and Soubrette.

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Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street.



THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

Gossip of the Town.

H. T. Wilson is arranging a starring tour for Kate Purcell in a dramatization of Ned Buntline's story, "Calamity Jane; or, the Queen of the Plains."

W. J. Scanlan played his largest engagement in Boston at the Globe last week. The receipts are given as over \$6,000.

Evans and Hoey have decided not to go to Australia with The Parlor Match, and canceled their engagement. The reason is, the prevalence of the roller-skating craze in the antipodes. The comedians will go to Europe, bent on pleasure, June 15.

According to Manager Mart Hanley business at the New Park Theatre increases steadily. Last week the receipts were the largest of the present season, which, by the way, is far ahead of the last. If the theatre were as large again it could be filled, and not a night passes that the management does not have to refuse money.

Rose Coghlan's return to Wallack's Theatre interferes in no way with her future plans, as her engagement with Gus Pitou does not begin until next September.

Jennie Yeaman resumes her season in Our Jennie at Columbus, O., next Sunday night, leaving New York to-morrow.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children forbade the appearance of Clarence Worrall, the boy cornetist, at the Bijou yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon.

Richard Hyde and Louis C. Behman, the Brooklyn managers, have resumed the lease of Harrigan's Park Theatre for five years from the owner, Rebecca B. Johnson, at a yearly rental of \$15,000.

Robert G. Moore, of THE MIRROR, lost his eldest daughter on Friday last. He has the heartfelt sympathy of his associates.

Mrs. Fernandez has signed a contract for two years with Maud Stillman, a whistler, who, it is claimed, rivals Mrs. Alice Shaw.

Sol Smith Russell closes his season on Feb. 18.

The Spring and Summer tour of Mrs. James Brown Potter opens at Cincinnati on March 19. Thence she will go to the Pacific Coast, opening at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, on April 16.

S. L. Pierce, who, for many years, was one of Barnum's agents, died on Sunday at Greenfield, Mass.

On Monday next Steele Mackaye will be seen for the first time in this city as Paul Kanvar at the Standard. Carrie Turner will play Diane and Sara Neville Scarlett.

William Lewick, a brother of Gus Williams, died on Saturday last at St. Vincent's Hospital, of consumption. The funeral took place on Monday in Baltimore.

The B. P. O. Elks will not have a ball this year. Instead of it, however, they will celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the order on next Sunday night by a public social session, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, which bids fair to be well attended. There will be three orchestras and a host of talent.

The following performers appear at Tony Pastor's Theatre next Monday night: Ryan and Richfield, the Julians, M. G. Cline, Bartlett and Lorraine, Harry Woodson and Laura Bennett, the Healy's, the Ventinis, Earle and Miles, and Fred J. Huber and Kitty Allyne.

On Monday last H. S. Taylor received from Al. Hayman a check on the Second National Bank for the sum of \$1,731.55, royalty on the first week of The Dark Secret at the California Theatre, San Francisco.

J. W. Herbert has been engaged for the production of The Flower of Pekin at the Bijou on March 12.

Exactly 428 members of the class of '87, Yale College, have reserved seats at the Hyperion Theatre, New Haven, for the opening night of Check 44. This is in honor of Theresa Vaughn, whose brother was a graduate of the class of '87.

Owing to the large attendance at the Saturday matinees of The Wife, Manager Daniel Frohman has decided to introduce a series of matinees at the Lyceum after Lent in order to relieve the pressure.

The second annual ball of the A. M. S. G., an association composed of the attaches of the Madison Square Garden and employees of the Barnum and Bailey Circus, will be held in Ferrero's Assembly Rooms next Monday night.

The American rights to Decoré, the new play by M. Theilbac, which was produced in Paris, recently, have been purchased for \$5,000 by T. Henry French, who intends producing the piece here as soon as possible.

Carroll Johnson and Bob Slavin have adopted for their title Carroll and Slavin's Refined Minstrels. They send THE MIRROR a certificate of the marriage of "genius, mirth and minstrelsy," accompanied by a duplicate wedding-ring ring, commemorative of the event.

The record of the New York dramatic year of 1886-7 is found in the bound volume of the New York Amusement Gazette, which is sold at the office of publication, 947 Broadway. A valuable feature is an analytical index, showing the attractions in the city each week during the season.

Eva French, known as Little Eva, and for quite a while of the Union Square Theatre, arrived recently from Leipzig, where she had been completing her education. She is now finishing her elocutionary training under Harriet Webb, and has secured a position as sourette at one of the city theatres.

Robert B. Mantell, who has been making a study of Othello and rehearsing it the past two months with his company on the road, will appear in the role for the first time at the Academy of Music, Reading, Pa., next Saturday afternoon. Monbars was also given its first presentation in Reading.

Walter Hubbell, a well-known actor, has written a book which is to be published by the Brentano Brothers. It is entitled "The Great Amherst Mystery," and is a narrative of an experience with ghosts in a genuine haunted house.

United Council, No. 1035, Legion of Honor, held a social session on Sunday night at its rooms. The Council, which is composed almost entirely of people connected with the theatrical profession, was entertained by W. H. Maxwell, Charles W. Smith, Harry Fisher, Dave Reed, Charles H. Patterson, Thomas Ballentine, Ruby Brooks, John Carroll, and others.

Mrs. Harriet Webb announces a course of

six Lenten readings on Thursday mornings, at eleven o'clock, beginning to-day, at her rooms 12 East Twenty-third street. Each reading will be devoted to the works of a special author, in the following order: Feb. 16, Longfellow; Feb. 23, Scott; March 1, Byron; March 8, Owen Meredith; March 15, Burns; and March 22, Browning.

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Ohio Valley and Central States Centennial Celebration,

beginning July 4 and ending October 28, is being held. The Commissioners thereof will expend over

\$1,000,000 ON BUILDINGS AND ATTRACTIONS.

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